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DR. COLENSO AND THE PENTATEUCH.*

QUESTIONINGS OF A BISHOP.

WE remember to have seen, some years ago, an account of certain secular schools under the charge of the Church established by law in England, which undertook to protect their pupils against undue secularization by the precaution of selecting all the arithmetical questions from the Holy Scriptures, especially from the Scriptures of the Old Testament. Was Dr. Colenso, who we learn has in his time printed at least one arithmetic, a teacher in one of these schools? It would not be strange, but quite in accordance with much human experience, if the very method devised so cunningly for preventing the encroachments of scepticism had actually opened the door for the enemy. It was doubtless an ingenious expedient, that of substituting the children of the patriarchs and the years of the antediluvians for the nuts and oranges bought or given in the mental and other arithmetics for the children of this generation, and perhaps, as

* The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined. By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

the luxuries were only imaginary, the Old Testament examples were as satisfactory as any. But we fear that, as a preventive of scepticism, the expedient has not proved to be successful. At all events, Dr. Colenso's troubles have come from the application of arithmetic to the Pentateuch, and addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division must henceforth be accounted dangerous, and classed with astronomy and geology. The enemy is not to be despised. Figures are inexorable. It is not of him that willeth, whether the column shall foot up larger or smaller, and we believe that the numerical side of the Pentateuch has never been so thoroughly exhibited as by this writer, who has returned from what we may call a mathematical inquiry of the Five Books, and reports them wanting. His book is at once very instructive and very saddening. His account of his mental struggles is almost tragic. No one can for a moment suspect him of any lack of earnest sincerity, or of any desire to magnify his difficulties and make out a case for scepticism. Rightly judging, that, for a bishop of souls in days when Biblical literature is so highly valued, his education had been very imperfect, he set about enlarging his critical apparatus from approved sources, orthodox and heterodox. Some of his critics have cited his case as an illustration of the peril of appointing to a place of trust a partially educated clergyman; but, unfortunately, after having obtained quite the average amount of theological information, Dr. Colenso finds his estate worse, and not better. It is a sad, and yet it may be a suggestive record, this of the good Bishop of Natal, struggling with his doubts in that African wilderness, trying to keep them down, not because he did not love the truth, but because he wished to go on with his chosen and cherished work, his ministry to the poor savages. What better illustration could one find of the word of Jesus,—“The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light”? Given a country to be occupied for trade with factors and factories, with expresses and ware

houses, can we suppose that our merchants would make such wretched work of it as Christians too often make in attempting to Christianize a portion of heathendom? Think of it a moment. A good, devoted, thoroughly spiritual Christian, not overstocked with theology perhaps, but abundantly provided with what is far better, is led by the Holy Spirit, the Supreme Guide, Teacher, Consoler of the Church, into a land of savages, and is moved to labor for their conversion to God in Christ; and what does he set about doing as the first thing? The translation of the first five books of the Old Testament into the Zulu tongue! If that should ever be necessary, it could only be—will our readers pardon the bull?—some hundred years hence, when the Zulu tongue, one may hope, will have given place to honest English, and the translation be simply a literary curiosity. The Zulu people did not need the Pentateuch, or any part of it; certainly they might have waited until they had been taught Christianity in the words of Christ, and by the lips of one of his followers. Great edification and comfort do we get from those old Scriptures. We believe that the Spirit of the living God is in them, but life is not long enough that we could consent to translate them into Zulu; there is a more direct way to the Zulu heart than by the words of Moses, even if we can tell precisely what his words were. The Hebrews had his books in their hands, and it was needful and useful for the Lord to appeal to the foreshadowings which they contained of his glorious appearing; but the case is very different when Gentiles are to be led into the light. Begin with Christ; begin with the absolute, the undeniable, the experimental; begin with the Word which shall outlast heaven and earth,—what we call sacred and what we call profane. Even the New Testament ought not, in the training of souls, to be put before the Spirit speaking out of the hearts of disciples. Men who cannot read may be made more thoroughly Christians sometimes than those who can. Some Christians seem to imagine that only to sow the leaves of the Bible broadcast will secure

a harvest of Christians. It is the Spirit that quickens, and the Spirit takes of the things of Christ, whether as illustrated in the lives of Christians or as they are gathered from the Word.

It may be hoped that Christian missionaries will learn something from the brave Bishop's disasters. They are instructive for all Christians. They ought to show us, that it is one thing, and a most blessed thing, to believe that God is in Christ reconciling the world to himself, pleading his grace and love, and another thing, and by comparison wholly unimportant, the opinion that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, which the Pentateuch nowhere asserts, or the assumption that the Holy Spirit will not make men apostles of the Divine righteousness without making them at the same time infallible in science and history. Doth the Holy Spirit care for geology and astronomy, or is He chiefly concerned to make us wise unto eternal life? The Bible is invaluable as the book of faith. Through all ages stands and shall stand the affirmation, "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth." The mode of creation is a matter of science, and does not enter into the specialty of revelation. The Bible affirms that the hand of God is in history, and that his gracious purpose for man was revealed and committed to the Jewish people amongst all others. That affirmation holds good. Christendom is a living witness for it. Now we may truly and unfeignedly believe these things, and at the same time not feel called upon to play the champions for the scientific or historical infallibility of the embodiment of the Word. It is an unspeakable relief to have settled so much, once for all, to feel that one's faith does not hang upon the thread of some finely-spun argument, that stones of stumbling cannot be unearthed by the geologists, that, whether man has been on this planet six thousand years or sixty thousand, Jesus is none the less the Saviour of man and the Divine Mediator. It is a blessed thing to have so much confidence in Christ, that you can take up the Bible with entire faith that you

will find therein only confirmations of a trust so reasonable and so sweet.

But what do you think of the merits of this particular controversy? Has Dr. Colenso made out his points? We certainly think that he has shown the impossibility of treating the Pentateuch as literal history; but he has not sufficiently emphasized the very important fact, that the difficulties of the books must have been very obvious to those for whom they were intended, and that they could never have understood them in our very literal, and, so to speak, Western way. The pages of Scripture themselves supply, without any disguise or attempt at disguise, the materials for the alleged discrepancies. It is only to look for them to find them. Partly, perhaps, this may be explained by the consideration of our extreme ignorance of the Hebrew notation. But we are more inclined to the belief that, in demanding literal accuracy, in looking for dry history, we look for what was never meant to be there, for what is so manifestly *not* there, that one is only surprised by the attempt to continue to look for it. The early chapters of Genesis, as allegorical and picture writing, are profoundly religious and instructive. They awaken, confirm, and instruct our faith. They are not elementary and suited for mere beginners, but are rather intended for our maturity; to treat them as literal cosmogony, paleontology, vestiges of creation, natural history of man, is to lose their religious import. It is no requirement of Christianity so to deal with them. Here, we think, many Christians of various denominations will presently stand together. But it will take more time and a more careful study of the Pentateuch to enable believers to find in it, not mere discrepancies which may worry them, but a story true, yet *miraculous*, of the infancy of the Hebrew people, of their sign-accompanied departure from Egypt, of God's dealings with them at Sinai, of their wilderness life, and their entrance into the Promised Land. The narrative has suffered in all these ages. It is dislocated, and displays exag-

generations which its own contents enable us readily to qualify ; but through the whole we see the miraculous birth of a people of whom should be salvation, as our divine Lord himself reminds us. We find, as did Jesus, the divine in the Pentateuch. It witnesses for Emmanuel. We find the human also, just as in the great manifestation of the Word. We interpret the Pentateuch by the Gospel, not the Gospel by the Pentateuch, taught by Him who said that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Whether it is possible for one who has signed the Thirty-nine Articles so to accept the five books, is not a question for us to determine : of this, however, we are sure, that Christ, were he visibly with us, would not reject so good and wise and earnest a Christian as the Bishop of Natal from the company of the apostles, but would say to him, " Let the dead bury their dead ; go thou and preach the kingdom of God ! "

E.

" As our duty must be whole, so it must be fervent ; for a languishing body may have all its parts, and yet be useless to many purposes of Nature : and you may reckon all the joints of a dead man, but the heart is cold, and the joints are stiff, and fit for nothing but for the little people that creep in graves. And so are very many men ; if you sum up the accounts of their religion, they can reckon days and months of religion, various offices, charity and prayers, reading and meditation, faith and knowledge, catechism and sacraments, duty to God and duty to princes, paying debts and provision for children, confessions and tears, discipline in families and love of good people, and, it may be, you shall not reprove their numbers, or find any lines unfilled in their tables of accounts ; but when you have handled all this, and considered, you will find at last you have taken a dead man by the hand ; — there is not a finger wanting, but they are as stiff as icicles, and without flexure as the legs of elephants."

THE PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

THE New Year broke upon us in a fulness of natural splendor. The stormy darkness of the day preceding served to increase, by contrast, what was in itself so inspiringly beautiful; while the freshly-fallen snow, mantling all beneath in radiant purity, reflected, through an atmosphere of transparent clearness, the cloudless glories of the blue above. But there was a charm in that morning to millions of hearts, of which this of nature was but the expressive symbol,—a charm which it would have worn, though it had come swathed in darkness and cradled in storm. It was a morning which kindling anticipations had beckoned on its way; which had been prospectively hallowed and glorified for the blessed promise that it bore, as through a hundred days and nights it ripened to fulfilment.

I propose to discuss the event referred to as seen especially in its religious aspects. Most manifestly and movingly it has such. It has a sacred importance, a holy significance. God is in it. His providence has wrought it out. Not by the will of man, but of God, has it come. Christ is in it;—He who was sent “to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.” They who find cause for rejoicing in that heavenly advent we have just commemorated,—how can they help but find it in this which has clearly flowed therefrom, as stream from fountain? They whose hearts responded to the “Gloria in Excelsis,” whose strains have but just died away from our churches,—how can they help but exult in an event which, so far as it goes, is a fulfilment of that prophetic song, that promise-laden chorus?—fulfilment partial, indeed, and greatly itself prophetic and promissory, but yet a fulfilment,—actual, sure; and over which, I doubt not, that angel-host, noting with rejoicing hearts the advances of the kingdom they heralded, sang anew, “Glory

to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men?" Shall we be indifferent at what is moving them? Shall we not gratefully hail this providential result,—not as patriots merely, not alone for what of success may be potentially enfolded in it to our nation's cause, but as Christian philanthropists, as friends of human progress and human freedom, as looking and hoping for that time,—which, indeed, we pray for, if for anything, when we say, "Thy kingdom come,"—that time when Christ's birth-song shall be *all* fulfilled,—“good-will towards men” be the breath of every heart and the motion of every hand,—“peace on earth” reign on its eternal foundations,—“Glory to God in the highest” be chanted in the aspirations and melodize the life of universal humanity?

Evidently, we do not see—we of these loyal communities—the moral magnitude and grandeur of this edict of Emancipation,—do not take in its vast proportions and momentous bearings and blessed issues. There is, somehow, a striking want of correspondence between what has now been affirmed of it, and what seems to be the tone, or the degree, of the general feeling about it. What *seems* to be, I say. For that there *is* a deep feeling in thousands of hearts all around us, I cannot doubt; an exultant thankfulness,—a feeling *too* deep for words, for outward demonstrations,—a feeling which the genius of Music, voiced in the immortal compositions of its divinest masters, has nearest to adequately expressed. Yes, I *know* there were those who wept for joy that that day had come; who thanked God on bended knees that they had lived to see it; who were ready to say, with holy Simeon, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” I met with one of these on the day succeeding;—one who had felt, in her own person, the insult and curse of Slavery, until, in the might of an intrepid womanhood, she escaped from it; and who was on her way, in an overflowing sympathy, to renew her self-devoting labors among the “contrabands” at

Alexandria;—one whose native refinement and true gentility and quick intelligence exceed that of how many! who, in the drawing-rooms of freedom, spurn such, because of the complexion God has given them, though it be—as hers is—but a few shades darker than their own. She, and such as she, chattels! another's "property"! classed with horses and swine, in the slaveholder's inventory! Ah, it needs to have *seen* the victims that Slavery has crushed, to have seen on *whom* and on *what* its accursed heel has trod; it needs to have *felt* its heel, to have *been* its victim, duly to appreciate that majestic word, issuing from the nation's supreme executive, saying, for three million enslaved men and women,—“This no more, forever.” And for the rest, I would charitably believe, as I have said, that their indifference is less actual than seeming, and that what of indifference they have is referable to a certain blindness of vision rather than hardness of heart,—is referable, whichever it be, to influences flowing from the tolerated presence of slavery in the land. That moral Upas has so poisoned the whole social atmosphere of American life, that the heart's instinctive sympathies with freedom and justice, its finer sensibilities, its nicer discernments in this direction, have suffered, unconsciously, in instances innumerable, a partial paralysis and decline. So long familiar have we been with the base incongruity of a free republic admitting chattel-slavery among its institutions, and protecting it by organic law, that many fail to feel and to see the baseness; and have, of course, no heart to rejoice in an act which is the sure beginning of the end of it forever. And then, again, we are too near the event, perhaps, historically, to be duly impressed by it. It has come upon us too gradually; it has been too much and too long contemplated and discussed as a matter of policy; sentiment and principle have had too little to do with its inception and progress, and been too little appealed to in its behalf, for the general heart to flame, at its coming, with the moral enthusiasm which in truth it claims. The fact, moreover, that its

scope is partial, — that its results are conceived of, by many, as problematical, in respect alike to those it frees and the nation freeing them, — helps preclude such enthusiasm.

But truly, friends, we should try to see these things which are transpiring around us as they are; to do justice to them, in thought and in feeling; and especially this of which I speak, inaugurating a new year and a new era. As a religious duty should we try to do it. God forbid we should live at such a time, and not feel the privilege of it, and the responsibility and the solemnity and the glory; and not put ourselves within the play of the electric currents, and drink in of the inspirations, of the mighty hour. For, doubt it as we may, it is a time which, beyond all others, since the peopling of these American shores, will be historically luminous; which the student of the past — not alone the philosophic, but the devout — will ponder, with glowing interest and deepest thoughtfulness; to which the religious mind will turn to feed its faith in an overruling and retributive Providence in the affairs of men. Do I over-estimate its importance? Why, look, and see what is transpiring, in literal fact, around us! Powers, ideas, principles, most antagonistic to each other in all the universe of God, in directest and grappling conflict. Truth and falsehood, righteousness and injustice, freedom and despotism, taking shape in mightiest armies; half a continent the arena of the struggle; distant nations reaching to behold it; treasure and life beyond human computation the lavish sacrifice; a people least war-like on earth throwing itself, as in a day, into teeming camps; sending a soldier from every household; and, fighting, first, for its own rights and liberties, finding itself fighting for the rights and liberties of others, of the helpless, the enslaved, — those to whose wrongs it had selfishly consented, but whose welfare it comes to see as linked indissolubly with its own; finding itself, while striking with one hand for its own deliverance, loosing with the other the shackles of the lave; issuing, at last, in self-defence, and yet not without

a justice-loving satisfaction, the mandate at which millions pass from chattels into citizens, from merchandise into men. Such are some of the aspects of this mighty era in more immediate connection with the last grand act of it.

I recur to that. God, I said, was in it. Most impressively so. I know no fact in history that shows more clearly the working of a Divine hand and purpose,—shows how, though “man proposes, God disposes.” Plainly, man has meant one thing by this war, and God another. And that which God has meant by it, he has caused to be borne along, as on a resistless tide, alike by our successes and defeats. God has meant by it, so far as we may read his meaning in the glowing language of events, to destroy slavery; that the blows of the contending hosts, directed against each other, should fall, as well, and both alike, upon that wicked system in whose interest the contest was inaugurated. *We* sought in it but the maintenance of our nationality. God has sought in and by it the redemption and elevation of his bound and down-trodden children. He has caused our selfishness to open a pathway for his own benevolence. Forever blessed be his name for the mercy in this—all undeserved—to *ourselves*. More and more slavery was weakening, debasing, poisoning us as a people. It was lowering the tone of our politics, of our religion, of our manhood. It was taking the life and soul out of us. We were tending by it, judicially and retributively, into materialism and atheism, into a hardness of heart as impious as inhuman. It was the millstone about the nation’s neck, dragging it to perdition; the cancer within its system, threatening disease, if it had not already imparted it, to every fibre of its life. We did not see it so. God saw it. His prophets saw it, and told their vision. But they were scorned, and bid to silence. And when slavery, in the insanity of iniquity, made war upon freedom, freedom *then*—though it knew that slavery as an institution was the sole cause of the rebellion, and that there could be no peace with its continuance—sought no destruction of it, no

crippling of it; nay, deprecated every measure looking to such result, carefully avoided the blow that might weaken or disturb it, made it the one thing which it would by no means touch, though more and more its fiendish hideousness appeared. The compromises of the Constitution must, at all events, be respected. Had Freedom been victorious in those earlier battles, she would probably have dictated such terms to Slavery as would have left it its constitutional advantages, have given it a new lease of power, new chances for securing in Cabinet and Senate-chamber what it had failed of in the field. It was the reverses of Freedom, the bloody disasters, the mortifying defeats, the fields strewn with her mangled and gasping sons,—these, which—short-sighted mortals!—we mourned over as the direst of calamities,—it was *these* by which God saved us. By those losses was the nation's gain, by those deaths its life. Success, in bringing with it peace by compromise, had been its own living death. Precious cost! But we had made it necessary. Our own guilty compliances and complicities with the demands and sin of slavery, for the sake of peace and prosperity,—a nominal peace, a hollow prosperity,—this had made it necessary. We had sowed to the wind, and the only reaping possible to us was the whirlwind. Yes, there was a mercy in those dark reverses, those long delays, those baffled counsels. For then only, when it was found that Freedom could not stand against her foes with their "institution" intact, and their victim-millions working against her, did she consent to disregard the provisions of the Constitution, and strike at that institution itself. Then only had it come to pass, that, as a war measure and a necessity of war, by the right accorded all governments of self-defence, by a law of nature overriding all human enactments, this could constitutionally be done.

Pause, now, and consider the workings of the Almighty! A score of months only ago, and the overthrow of slavery seemed, to the wisest and most far-seeing among us, an event which the century, possibly, might see, but whose possibility

was located far away in the dim distance ; to be achieved by the slowly-working influences of an advancing Christianity, or by its own savage and revengeful hands. The way seemed hedged by insuperable difficulties. There it stood, intrenched within the Constitution, conscious of its mighty power, haughty, defiant ; and well knowing that, with all its other securities, it had friends and defenders among ourselves. The strife came on : it continued : it is yet. But now, above its smoke and din and groans and death, comes the voice of the nation's chief magistrate, — standing in his place of power, clothed in the majesty at once of constitutional and of moral law, — proclaiming deliberately, calmly, that from this blessed first of January, 1863, three million of slavery's victims are "henceforth and forever free." Truly, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Yes, give God the glory. We can take none of it ourselves. It is an event forced upon us. Blindly and undesignedly have we wrought for it. Step by step we have fought against it. Not, I repeat, by the will of man, but of God, has it come. Glory be to *God!*

What has come ? "Only a proclamation," say some, — "a state paper, with the signature of the President, declaring the slaves of certain localities free ; but that does not make them so : it is still dependent on the fortunes of the war how soon, or whether at all, they obtain their freedom." I have no sympathy with that disposition which receives questioningly what is in itself a precious gift, because it is not the most precious conceivable or desired ; nor with the distrust implied by such questioning, in the case before us, of the Great Giver's will and power to perfect it. When he has made a way for what *is* through such ranks of obstacles, — a way which human wisdom never by so much as a glimpse foresaw, — I will not doubt that the way will be opened, by the same wonder-working Providence, for what we desire *shall* be. God will not leave his work unfinished, — nor delayed, but by our unfaithfulness. That most of those held in

slavery, if not all, have long known that the day of their redemption was drawing nigh, was as good as come, — though doubtless, in many instances, with conceptions very vague and crude about it, — this none doubt who know anything of them. And it serves to explain the most remarkable quietness maintained by them through all this wide-spread and land-rocking tumult of which they are the innocent cause; that patient willingness to wait in their old position until the door of their egress from it was fairly opened, and they could go out as recognized men, and not as skulking beasts. How greatly have we mistaken and done injustice to the negro character and disposition, in predicting, as from the beginning so many have, violence and bloodshed on the part of the slaves, in the intoxication of anticipated freedom, or the impulse of vindictive passion. There has been nothing of it, — nothing at all. A fact that speaks volumes for them. For while it may be ascribed in part to their assurance of coming freedom, — an assurance which there has been so shamefully much, in the bearing towards them of our government and army, to weaken, — it is yet more to be ascribed to a gentleness, and amiability, and unvindictiveness of disposition, which, as a race, they eminently possess. They have known, I said, that their freedom was at hand. They know that it is *proclaimed*. And knowing it, they will demand — as they ought — possession of it; and will have it. But were it so, that the fact of freedom should long tarry behind the date of its proclamation, the *proclamation* is the mighty fact. There it stands, irrevocable, sure, — the guaranty of their liberty, valid against the world; the charter of citizenship, which a nation's power stands pledged to guard, — which whoso fails to respect as such does so at his peril. Before it "bills of sale" turn to waste-paper; and chain and handcuff melt, as in the fervent heat of a thousand suns; and forms stand erect, and eyes brighten, and burdens drop, and life and the world put on a new significance, and bud and blossom with new blessings. And, more

than this, and whatever else it does, or fails to do; it decrees the nation's emancipation. Not strictly,—for the guaranties of slavery, untouched by this edict, linger on its statute-book,—but, practically, it decrees the nation's emancipation. It has broken from its ignoble and debasing thrall. It has spoken, at last, that magic word, “Freedom,” never to unlearn it. It has set its face towards the sun, never to turn backward. It has brought itself into harmony with the spirit of the age,—with its own immortal principles and sacred declarations. It has floated itself into the life-stream of Christian civilization. It has put itself right with God; so that it may ask his blessing on its cause without doubtfulness,—may feel that the eternal forces of his spiritual providence shall surely work for it.

Slavery *can* be no more the potent agency in the nation it has been,—potent for evil, and only evil. Thank God! the Power whose corrupting influence has permeated every tissue and pore of the body politic; which has suborned to its ends, so greatly, our public men; has controlled presses, has marshalled parties, has silenced pulpits, tampered with the very heralds of salvation and the very Gospel of the Redeemer, and debauched the public conscience to believe a lie; which more than anything else—here in the midst of us, and all over the land—has impeded the progress of God's kingdom,—this Satanic Power, this instituted Barbarism, is forever dethroned, and lingers but to die. And for nothing, as for this, should our hearts so thank God to-day.

Now, I believe, a new day is to open upon our country,—day of prosperity, glory, power, and peace, such as it has never known, nor any nation of the world before it. Now, as before we could not, may we have a united country, now a real prosperity, now an abiding peace;—blessings, enhanced by the thought that our brethren of the South, now our foes, shall share them with us. Not, of course, that the removal of slavery alone is to do all this, but that in its removal the great obstacle is no more. The spirit of Wrong

embodies itself in more than one institution. In forms innumerable it is all around us, enough to task to the utmost every energy of philanthropy. But now will there be a better heart to labor against it, better hopes and chances of success. That trial, suffering, disorder, evils of various sorts, will come as incidental to this very good of emancipation, is, of course, to be expected. No great social revolution can come and progress without them. The change from coerced to voluntary labor, when the laborers are numbered by millions, is a vast one, and things cannot speedily, or without trouble, adjust themselves to it. But with wisdom and uprightness, with a guiding love of justice and humanity, with a renouncement of that mean and wicked prejudice against color which has so greatly possessed us, who can doubt but that all difficulties, with God's blessing, will be overcome? The question is often asked, "What shall be done with the freed blacks?" in a tone implying the belief that they must necessarily be a public burden and charge. As if their labor was not all needed; as if they who have taken care of their masters and themselves too, could not take care of themselves alone; as if they were not susceptible to the motives which sway human nature generally. There is another question, preceding this in importance, and which, rightly answered, and the answer put faithfully into act, would go far to lessen any difficulties connected with the former one,—the question, namely, "What shall be done *for* them?" or better, this, "In what *spirit* shall they be dealt with?" Welcomed with the respect which their nature claims, with the kindness and good-will which their former wrongs more abundantly entitle them to,—welcomed thus to the humanizing and elevating influences—social, intellectual, moral—which the age affords, who can doubt what response their lives would show?—that, approached and treated as men, they would show themselves such? that, educated for the duties and trusts of citizenship, they would be found equal to them? The

moral obligation met, will enlighten for whatever practical demands their condition may present. The first duty done, God will show, as he always does, the next, — and lead and bless us in it. “Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?” asked the women, mournfully; for the stone was very great. But when they came to the sepulchre an angel had already descended and rolled it away. “So let us go with sweet spices, not to embalm a dead, but to anoint a risen Lord, in the person of these poor, despised ones; and never fear but that we shall not only find the stone rolled back, but shall stand face to face with an angel, of heavenly brightness, and what was a sepulchre of death shall be the temple of the Lord of life.”

N. H.

 VESPER HYMN.

ROUND us come the mists of evening,
 Spreading out a starry veil,
 And the setting sun with blushes
 Tinges every hill and dale.

Every little dancing streamlet
 Gently sings itself to rest;
 Every tiny bud and blossom
 Sleeps, with dew-drop on its breast.

Let us pray before we lay us,
 Trusting, on our peaceful beds,
 That the kind and loving Father
 Send his blessing on our heads.

M. W. L.

DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

A SERMON BY REV. JOHN HAMILTON THOM.*

2 COR. viii. 9-14:—"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. And herein I give my advice; for this is expedient for you who have begun before. Now, therefore, perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which we have. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not. For I mean not that other men be eased, and ye burdened; but by an equality, that now at this time *your abundance* may be a supply for *their want*, that their abundance also may be a supply for your want."

THE physical and visible aspects of the distress prevailing in the manufacturing districts are now familiar to you all. There are few hearts in England that have not been filled during these last weeks with pictures and images of that great woe; and the struggle for life which the daily press has carried to the remotest towns and hamlets, untouched themselves by this calamity, is at *our* very door,—to many of us within the seeing of the eye, to all of us within the hearing of the ear from friends whom it has anguished and torn. Of what this affliction really is to those who are suffering from it, it were vain for me to attempt a description, having no materials for such a task but such as are in common to us all, drawn from those public reports which day by day color our thoughts with sadness, and almost thrust aside the sense of our own comforts to people our imaginations with

* We believe that the above Sermon by Rev. Mr. Thom (preached in Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, on Sunday, December 7, 1862) will be new to most, if not to all, of our readers, as it has come to us through private hands. The claims of the subject which it discusses upon Americans are well set forth in the following extract from the speech of Mr. Bright at Birmingham, December 18, 1862: "We have had every effort made that money and malice could devise to stimulate in Lancashire, among the suffering population, an opinion in favor of the Slave States. They have not been able to get it, and I honor that population for their fidelity to their principles and to freedom; and I say the conduct they have pursued ought to atone in the minds of the people of the United States for miles of leading articles written by the London press."

A. G.

wan faces and desolate abodes. It is not necessary, either for your information, or for the softening and moving of your hearts, that I should take you through silent factories, where the sound, the deep hum of daily labor, so long associated with daily bread, is heard no more; to streets in which now the light of heaven is all too clear, where the murkiest pall that of old obscured the noonday would be welcomed back with tears of joy in the place of the unsympathizing sun that shines too brightly through the smokeless air; to homes that once were decked with honest pride, but are now stripped, not only of favorite pictures and ornaments, slowly gathered together, each with a little history of its own, but of the most necessary furniture, even of beds and of bedding; to places for the distribution of food, where in the early morning-hour brave men who a year ago would have scorned patronage, and hardly would accept a favor, patiently wait their turn with faces on which the mental agony of wounded independence struggles with the wolfish look of hunger;* or that I should expose to you those who refuse to expose themselves, who, rather than submit to what they have been accustomed to think a degradation, have actually fled from the relief that sought them, and have hidden themselves away within their cold walls to meet their fate. You know all this, for I have said nothing but what the common journals have supplied.

Nor does the want and mental suffering of the operative exhaust this distress. All who live amidst it, though they feel neither hunger nor cold, are yet afflicted with an awful sorrow. And where income has suddenly ceased to exist; where rent is not paid; where the small tradesman has no profits, for he has no sales, and relief-agents, making wholesale purchases for economy's sake, are compelled to pass him by; where the whole class of clerks and overlookers and superior *employés* are no longer needed, for there is

* Companion to the British Almanac, p. 43.

no work to overlook, and no accounts to keep but the record of loss and wear; where on every man, as long as he can bear it, his outgoings are multiplied, with his incomings destroyed,—the suffering and want are not confined to that working class between whom and destitution the margin is always small; over the whole area of distress, with the few exceptions of enormous wealth, there is not a man directly depending on this arrested trade, who has a heart and is resolved to do his duty, who is not looking with some apprehension as to how it may end with himself. Of all this, no words of mine can add to your knowledge. It is true, indeed, that, if we saw these things with our own eyes, we should then feel how little we knew them before; but this effect of seeing with our own eyes is just the one thing that neither speech nor reading can supply.

We can, however, contemplate the dimensions of this distress; that is, we know what they were in the last week for which we have returns; and we know that they will be much more in the next week, though we do not know *how* much; and we must indeed be slow to understand, if we need the torture of our senses to quicken our effective sympathies. The applicants for relief in that last week* exceeded the number of the week before by more than ten thousand; and this, or a greater rate of increase, must continue for some time.† The whole number relieved was 431,395, of whom 172,010 received nothing from the parish. The whole amount of relief was £ 33,545, giving to each person an average of less than 1s. 8d. per week. We cannot compute the number that will soon require to be supported at less than 500,000; we cannot place the sum required to support them at less than from £ 40,000 to £ 50,000. One half of this may come from the poor-rates, at present less per week than £ 18,000;‡ the other half

* For the week ending Nov. 22.

† For the week ending Nov. 29, the increase appears to be 25,979.

‡ For the week ending Nov. 29, £ 18,544 7s. 4d.

must come from voluntary offerings. From £ 20,000 to £ 25,000 is therefore the sum that the benevolence of the country has weekly to supply, until some great change takes place in the condition of trade, or in the method of relief. Weekly wages will have ceased to be paid by hundreds of thousand pounds, with only tens of thousands of rates and charity to supply their place.

And this vast reverse has fallen upon those who are absolutely innocent of causing it, who had no control over the circumstances that produced it. We may, if we think there is wisdom or justice in so doing, attribute possible blame to others; but herein at least the operative was helpless and blameless. We may say that the merchant, or the manufacturer, ought, with the needful foresight, to have looked out for other sources of supply, though it is clear that, up to the time of the blockade, to have trusted to any other source than America would have been their quick ruin; we may say that the government of India ought to have had in readiness lines of communication that would now stimulate the production, and facilitate the transit of the wanting material; we may say that, if speculators had not so glutted the markets with the manufactured article, the raw cotton, of which the supply has not failed absolutely, but only economically, might now be worked at a profit, to the relief of the whole world;—but whatever truth there may be in any of these now useless censures, they do not in the least apply to the class upon whom the blow has fallen; the class that is suffering was powerless to effect any of these things, and have only a stronger claim for help if the censures are true.

But for the duty of this immediate time it is worse than idle to deal with anything but with the facts as they are, that cannot now be changed. A national calamity has come upon us, and the whole nation must bear it. Upon that there is now no difference of feeling over the whole country, whatever rash words some splenetic men have spoken. The whole nation must bear it: but *how* bear it? in *what way*

shall the contributions come from those who do not live on the area of distress? To that question several answers might be given; but, hitherto, the nation has elected to give only one answer: "All that can be raised by poor-rates on the suffering province shall be raised: and the mercy of the whole country shall supply the rest." Whether wise or not wise, whether best or not best, that is the only remedy that is now in our hands, and we must do with it the utmost that we can. It may be said, I think justly said, that beyond a very limited measure the poor-rates ought not to have borne this new burden,—that the enforced contributions should come, not from occupiers, but from owners, from property and from income; and that thus, without intolerable hardship, the county could provide for itself. It might be said, that since the calamity is national, and since the national policy—say, rather, the national righteousness, our bounden duty to the American people—compels us to maintain the conditions that prolong our necessities, it were a monstrous thing if the whole kingdom were to keep its good conscience at the expense of a single district; and that, therefore, a small levy on the land and the realized capital, on the comfortable incomes of the *whole* nation, would most easily and most justly meet the case. That this would in itself be equitable, and that it would be the most certain provision for the present need, cannot well be denied; but whether it would be the most beneficial, either immediately in its social, or ultimately in its economic workings, is a different question. But in fact the people have taken the matter into their own hands, and have elected that, so far as the whole nation does this great work at all, it shall be done with a hearty good-will,—not that any part of the land shall withhold its share, but that it shall not pass through the tax-gatherer's hands; and that this method shall continue until it proves a failure. For voluntary charity coming in with willing heart and full hands has really, to the extent of that beneficence, superseded the state,

which otherwise must have done the whole work, and now ought not to do it until the free offerings fail. Only let the mercy of the country be aware that it has assumed a grave responsibility, and that, having elected, by a generous impulse, to supplant the state by acts of grace to at least one half of the needful supplies, it is then bound to keep flowing this stream of charity, on the confidence of which the people's lives are now committed, so long as this can be done with a due regard to every other righteous claim, and in any case till a securer method has time to take its place, if this should fail. It would be very idle sentiment to create a trust in a voluntary benevolence that afterwards would not bear the strain it had invited, and let the weight of misery fall unrelieved even for a single day. And it will be a very noble victory of right sentiment if, as all the signs would indicate, voluntary benevolence, having taken up this burden, shall justify itself, and bear it unto the end. My duty here relates solely to your exertions for this purpose, not only in the greater effort you will make to-day, but also in the sustained, though smaller, stream you will continue weekly to supply, as long as the occasion lasts. And this duty I must discharge as best I can, though I know well that this is one of the matters on which many of you are far better qualified to instruct me than I am to enlighten you. I have, therefore, now to refer to those considerations which go to prove that in the facts of the case, as they are shaping themselves before us, there is everything that ought to sustain, and nothing that ought to obstruct, your liberality.

There is, as yet, nothing invincible in the nature of this calamity, — no difficulty that cannot be overcome. If it had prevailed against us, it would have been through no want, but a want of the charity that never faileth. It is the work, not the food, of a large district that has been cut off; the evil, therefore, is not beyond a remedy; it is not like the case of Ireland either in extent or in character. The country is teeming with all the supports of life; bread and cloth-

ing are in abundance ; money will procure them to any amount, and money is not wanting in any part of the province of this distress : all over it, it has flowed in from the labor of the hands that now can find no work, — flowed in to our merchants and tradesmen *here*, — flowed in to mill-owners *there*, who, in many cases, have long received in one person the double profits of manufacturer and of merchant, and even latterly have gained in one of these characters what they have lost in the other, — flowed in everywhere upon the land-owner, whose once outlying fields are returning the rentals of towns, who is reaping what he did not sow, who has simply stood still and received the golden flood that has poured in upon his acres. Other men labored, and he has entered into their labors. No blame to him for this : he has simply received, as we all would be ready to receive, at the bountiful hands of God ; only let him acknowledge his stewardship when God thus asks him for his own again, and he will quite justify before both God and man the unparalleled prosperity for which he neither worked nor paid, and which is a portion of the reserve that Providence has laid up for such a moment as this. God has not stricken the country with barrenness : there is plenty of all things needful to keep men in vigorous life, — money and money's worth ; and God, too, is mercifully averting from us the worst of all calamities, that innocent people should pine and perish, not through the leanness of the land, but through a leanness in men's souls, through the poverty of hearts long fed with the bread and water of abundance. Of course I do not mean that the country is not the poorer for this calamity ; I mean that the reserve fund that God, out of his bountifulness, had provided for this time, would not even in this county, if the burden was equably distributed, be sensibly diminished, — sensibly, I mean, in the decreased comforts of those who are its stewards.

Again, there is no obstruction to your liberality, either in the way the sufferers are meeting their sufferings, or in the

way their natural helpers are bearing the burden with them. Of the noble bearing of the operatives,—for dignity and meekness unparalleled in history,—I will only say, that we ought to be gratefully drawn towards a people of whose virtues under such trial these words could be used with universal acknowledgment of their truth. At a great parish meeting in London, it was said by the presiding rector, “We must all feel that these men are higher than we are in moral dignity.” It was said by an eminent statesman, remarkable for his religious reverence, that “he had no scruple in applying to these men what was first spoken of the Apostles,—that they were more than repaying us in spiritual things for our temporal things.” I prefer to give you evidence of this kind, as not myself entitled to speak from personal knowledge; and I rejoice that many of you had the opportunity last Sunday of hearing such testimony more than confirmed by a highly qualified witness, who lives among this strong people, and knows them well. “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin”; and this great suffering will bring exceeding gain, even to those who suffer most,—to *us* at a price not worthy to be named,—if it makes *all* ranks feel, as they never felt before, the fact of human brotherhood,—if it makes *us* acknowledge, with an elevating humility, that in all which in the sight of God constitutes worth these men are our superiors. This distressed people are now the real instructors of the nation; they are at this moment the highest Christian teachers in this land. Preachers and professors might go and sit at their feet. And this they are all the more truly, that they have never dreamed of such a function; and God forbid that any one should spoil their unconscious elevation by suggesting to it a lower motive, by whispering to them that this is an attitude in which it would be to their praise and their glory to stand. They are now our benefactors, in a far higher sense than if they were robbing the world in the fabrics of their hands; and this they are in the simplicity of their minds, and because they think of no

such thing. What they are now doing—for the whole country, for a higher Christian feeling, for a truer appreciation of the one human heart that is in us all, and of the one standard of human worth—is inestimably more precious, inestimably more deserving of gratitude, than anything that the country is doing for, or deserving from, them.

There was a time, it is not a distant one, when this would not have been. We and they are reaping quickly from the seed sown in these latter days of education, of reform, of equal rights, of diffused knowledge, and a cheap press, of a commercial legislation irrespective of class interests. If the food of the country was now under pressure of restrictive laws, no power on earth could save this land from violence, —no throwing open the ports in the moment of extremity could then give us our present cheap abundance; and as the conscience of the people would not justify their rulers, the passions that come out of suffering and wrong would spring to their natural height. It is the instructed helpfulness that has come to them, through the training and influences of recent years, that now sustains this tried class in patience and endurance. They understand their own position; they understand the position of the masters; they understand the position of the country in relation to America. They are calm and reasonable, because they know that circumstances like the present cannot be overruled by human power: and though Southern sympathizers* have been busy among them, expecting cold and hunger to make ready tools, they have been found deliberately opposed to intervention as, if effectual at all, only in the service of a cause which they detest. These great sufferers from the war have repelled the perverted sympathies which seduce so many of the more prosperous classes in England to speak smooth things of a power seeking for slavery an unrestricted field. These men are among us the vindicators of the national sentiment, the true

* "Companion to the British Almanac," 1863, p. 45.

martyrs of human freedom. Natures like these will not yield to the demoralizing power of temporary charity, or of enforced leisure, so long as any reasonable amount of sympathy and brotherly feeling is extended towards them. Their sensitive independence may often have led to jealous mistakes, for great vitality is liable to err; but it will enable them now to bear their burdens without unjust complaint or loss of self-respect, as long as nature can hold out. They must have seen how this brave and gentle bearing has drawn the nation towards them,—that good citizens have everywhere recognized noble citizenship. Many healing, many chastening influences are now at work, with honest-minded men compelled to reflect on their opportunities in the past, that will bear good fruit in the good time coming, if only sustained and quickened now by the generous kindness of society. Now is our time for extinguishing in them forever all class distrusts. If in their prosperity they had too few relations with their employer except economic ones, and were held by no moral tie to his service, unless it served themselves, they have, at least, honestly accepted the consequences of that position when now it works against them; they have claimed nothing from the masters, as a right; *they* have never said, what has been foolishly said for them, that their employers were bound to maintain them by economic obligation; they have, therefore, taken what has been done for them as a free gift, with a warm and grateful heart,—not as the debt of capital to labor, but as the higher debt, willingly acknowledged, of brother to brother, and of man to man. It is said, too,* that the sight of a few of the more self-respecting of their own body, who have been able to face and outlive this trouble, has produced a deep effect on some of their less striving and self-denying brethren. Never before could it be more signally true, though, under the rule of a Heavenly Father, it is always true that the sorrow of man is only for the opportunity of God.

* "Companion to the British Almanac," p. 46.

And now the cloud is passing away which obscured for a time what men were doing, or covered the suspicion that any class in this rich county were closing their hearts and shrinking from their duties. Of the three great bodies within or near the area of distress, on whom, as the largest reapers on the field of its prosperity, the burden of its relief most rightly falls,—the mill-owner, the land-owner, and the Liverpool merchant,—it is now conspicuous that in individual sacrifices the manufacturer, as indeed his nearer place first demanded, has borne the weight of this necessity. As a class, the exceptions are only enough to show the rule, the single ground of complaint the country has against them is the rare and strange one, that they were too silent about their own good deeds. Lancashire masters, like Lancashire men, are an undemonstrative body, doing much and saying little. Yet in this silence there *was* cause for just complaint; for the country rightly looked to them, not only for the performance of their individual duties, but for light, guidance, and advice,—for such open and conspicuous leadership as would free from fear every generous, and from excuse every ungenerous heart. For there is a time for all things. There is a time to conceal a thing, and a time to make it known. There is a time not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth; and there is a time to be as a city set on a hill,—to let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Yet is it well with a class whose chief offence consists in this, that it did its alms and sounded no trumpet.

And, in addition to this inspiring satisfaction with the class relieved, and so largely with the classes relieving, the energy and ability of the central and executive committees, and the perfectness of the local organizations for the distribution of relief, are now inspiring universal confidence, that the nation's charity may flow freely, without fear of missing its mark, or of being wasted by the way. I find it stated in

an elaborate paper in the *Companion to the British Almanac*, that in Preston alone, there are a hundred and twenty unpaid visitors; and that, if everywhere the value of unremunerated services were computed, it would surpass the amount of money contributions.

Yet no satisfaction with what is doing, or has been done, must cause us to forget that there will remain a necessity for the continued onflow of charity, even were we to suppose the working hands provided for,—for the sake of the trades-people, the clerks, the overlookers, the various agents and officers, who are now, and must daily more and more be, brought within the reach of want; and who must be generously and delicately helped, if helped at all. There is too, if we dared to hope so much, a possibility of replacing, at the end of this calamity, some small portion of the hard-earned and hard-kept savings that have now drained away under a necessity that no prudence could have averted. It is said,* that relief is refused to those who have any funds remaining, however small, in savings banks or in co-operative societies. It will be hard if those who raised themselves by constant self-denial are brought to a common ruin with the wasteful and the self-indulgent, who consumed all as it came in, and are now no worse off than the best. The real difference between the two classes, it is true, will remain ineffaceable. The self-respecting have not lost everything: they have saved character and honor.

There are, too, medical aspects of this distress, whose terrible threatenings only a large beneficence, wisely administered, can keep in check. "A worse thing may come upon us," if we do not rush in with full hands to stop it,—the pestilence that waits on want. We should soon be too thankful to have only famine to contend with, if our shortcomings left the way open for disease.

Nor will just adequate supplies of food and warmth meet

* "Companion to the British Almanac," p. 31.

the whole necessities of the case. When, in what is the nearest parallel to this trial, ships' crews are detained in Arctic regions, long before any needful provision has disappeared there comes a sinking of the heart, a fatal lowering of the animal spirits, and they are the true savers of life, real captains among men, who can then apply some stimulus, not to the body, but to the mind. In this long struggle, hoping against hope, watching vacant hours wearily pass, watching vacant, sorrowful faces, — no mere patience, or negative endurance, will supply the necessary life-power: but some fresh spiritual interest will do so, — some flow of animated feeling, — some newly excited consciousness of human kindness and fraternal good-will, — some mental exercise, which, to those who are unaccustomed to it, is as hard and as healthful work as bodily labor. Instruction, — education, which is a different thing, the springing into life of unknown powers, — some mind or heart interest, — if it were possible, some newly awakened deeper feeling of the value of existence, — employment, if only for an hour or two a day, then at a fair wage per hour, and not with the degradation of underpaid labor; all these are as needful, especially as against the depression that invites disease, as food, clothing, and fire. Schools, then, in all their forms, for men and women, for girls and boys, for work or learning, — social meetings, — lectures and discussion, — their gatherings together for reading and conversation, for hearing the Bible, for singing their religious hymns in their own sweet music, with the memories of happier days now wistfully regarded, and a sense of the goodness that was of old freshly coming to their hearts, — are among the strongest weapons with which to fight this battle, and turn its evil into good; and all who are wisely devoted to these vital efforts deserve a liberal support.

I am not ignorant of the large claims which here abound; and that your charity by being stretched must lose nothing of its substance or warmth at home; but this is a new occa-

sion, and must have an effort of its own. It is no new distribution of the old annual amounts of your beneficence, but a fresh spring of sacrifice, that must meet this case. God leaves a reserve in all our hands for these unexpected calls ; and upon this we must deeply draw, keeping sacred our constant sum of sacrifice. If, as St. Paul testified of the Macedonian Christians, in the first case in all history in which one community helped another, a fact in itself enough by the clearest signs to mark a new kingdom of God coming into the world, to impress on the Lord Jesus Christ the image and superscription of the Father, we, "in this great trial of affliction, are found willing of ourselves, up to our power, yea, and beyond our power," then we shall not make our own poor at home involuntary sharers in our display of charity abroad ; our new offerings shall retrench nothing from the old ones, whilst the old need remains. We must lengthen our cords, not merely shift the coverings, if fresh numbers are to be fed and lodged within our tents. We must be honest in our charity, not making two appearances at the expense of one. "These things ought ye to have done, and not have left the others undone."

And one word in this connection on the religious value of sacrifice. We here disown the whole theology of asceticism ; we dread as presumptuous, self-righteous, and irreligious, the whole theory of manufacturing sacrifices for ourselves, — of making ourselves acceptable to Christ or God by self-imposed sufferings ; but yet we here acknowledge with our whole souls the worth of sacrifice, the saving health of self-oblation ; and the more we shrink in the recoil of our filial faith from the dark superstition of voluntary suffering, the more are we bound by the principles we profess to accept the sacrifices that are not of our making, but of God's, — to accept them with an eager readiness, as tests of the vitality of that loving faith on which our Father has fed us, as the clear occasions on which our Husbandman, God, comes looking for fruit on us, the trees of his planting, whom for the

sake of such fruit he has watered all our days with the living grace of his own spirit. Here, then, is an occasion of God for *healthy* self-sacrifice, even to the limits of self-privation, a sacrifice from all who can bear it, not merely to assuage suffering, to stop cold and hunger, but, far beyond this, to sustain in their self-respect, to uphold by the spirit in which you help them, a noble people who are keenly jealous of their honor. Is there any sacrifice of *wealth* that would be too much to prevent the degradation, the demoralization, the lowered courage, the permanently relaxed and embittered heart of that grand Lancashire people, unmatched anywhere else in the land, who never knew before what it was to live on charity, and who feel it now as their acutest pang, — who are willing to receive a brother's help offered with a brother's heart, but many of whom would rather silently die unseen than be ranked with paupers? Rather than such irretrievable downfall, such a blow to God's purposes, through a want of Christian sympathy in us, would it not be better for us that Liverpool should become a fishing village again, and have to run its course anew? The material prosperity would be more easily overtaken and restored, than *here* the spiritual stain wiped off, and *there* the spiritual rank regained. This is an occasion on which, in the sight of God, we, not they, are on our trial. They have already vindicated themselves, and "are conquerors, yea, more than conquerors, against tribulation and distress, famine and nakedness"; and we, not called to suffer, are only asked to bless, called to honor ourselves by claiming leave to do a brother's part to brethren of whom we should be proud, to wash the feet of men whom Christ would have served with joy. And in the days that are coming, this nation would have to remember as the year of its darkest shame, what may be the year of its truest glory, if it failed, as it everywhere shows it will not fail, to walk in the clearest way that ever God made for a people's feet, if it failed to lay hold upon this opportunity, this ladder now manifestly set up be-

tween heaven and earth, for the angels of mercy to pass to and fro, with the Lord God standing above and looking down.

And now, before your offerings are taken, I have a single remark to add. We shall pass from this service to the communion of Christ; and that communion would disgrace its name if it gave me any idea that those of you who do not outwardly join us in it will less feel the force of my remark than those who do. The essence, then, of Christianity, of Christ's fellowship, is in this; that the Lord Jesus Christ, through his great love, is so a partaker in every man's sorrow, that, to the feeling of Christian hearts, *he* lives, suffers, and pleads in every member of the body of humanity. "*I* was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; *I* was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"THE river that runs slow, and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness, and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer: if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment."

MATINS.

LET in the smiles of the early light !
Ay ! raise the curtain, so close and white,
To welcome the dawn at this holy hour,
As it silently comes in its magic power.

The stars are twinkling yet in the skies
In that ocean of depth which above us lies,
While the earth is still, with her millions now,
Asleep in her bosom around and below.

O Father ! we come, in this light divine,
With reverent hearts before thy shrine ;
'T is a holy time for prayer ; and here
We quietly gather in love and fear ;—

In *love*, for we know thou'rt the soul of love,
And *goodness* alone from thee we prove ;
In *fear*, for we feel thee just and true,
And thine eye doth pierce us through and through.

But what is so beautiful, what so sweet,
As to rest us, pilgrims, in peace at thy feet ?
Then gird up our strength in thine armor bright,
And go forth bravely, as sons of light !

The sun comes beaming in glory now,
And shadows are fading from every brow ;
We give ourselves wholly to Heaven's high will,
And only ask, " Father, be with us still."

BETHLEHEM.

"PERCHED like a bird's-nest among the green hills of Palestine," six miles to the southwest of Jerusalem, was Bethlehem, a city small in size, but with a marvellous history, which makes it not the least among the cities of the world. Of its founding and earlier history the Bible is silent. It is only said, that Salma the father of Boaz settled there; and as he is called the "Father of Bethlehem," he may have been its founder. If so, it was not then a place of antiquity, nor could it have been more than a hamlet among the hills, though it is called a city, and had gates and walls, rendered necessary, perhaps, by the then unsettled condition of the country. It stood among fertile vineyards and green fields, that clothed the slopes of the hills, and probably received its name, which signifies the *House of bread*, from the plenty which its various harvests yielded.

Incidental mention is now and then made of Bethlehem earlier in history, but the first special mention we have of it is found in the Book of Ruth,—at that time when the judges ruled in Israel,—probably about the time of the good priest Eli, to whose charge the young Samuel had been intrusted. It would seem that a famine had occurred in that region,—a thing not infrequent among a people whose wealth consisted largely in flocks and herds, dependent upon the rains and the heat of the seasons, and too ignorant of the principles of agriculture and thrift, to guard themselves against bad years. When these years of famine came, it was the custom of the people, rude and migratory in their habits, to go with their household stuff,—the simple tents and dresses of skins, and the few necessary implements of rude housekeeping, all easily packed and easily carried,—seeking food and pasturage. Discouraged at the prospect before him, a harsh death for himself and those he loved looking him in the face, one of the villagers, Elimelech, took

his wife, Naomi, and his two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, and turned his face toward the land, known for its fertility, that lay to the south at the foot of the mountains of Moab. Here, among an idolatrous people, they settled themselves; but the death they had evaded in one form came to them in another. Elimelech soon died, and then both Mahlon and Chilion, leaving Naomi alone, with her two Moabitish daughters-in-law, Orpah and Ruth. Probably they had forsaken their idolatry, for instead of returning to their own, they still cleave to Naomi, sharing in sorrows that were common to all, and feeling, perhaps, the need of that sympathy they were not likely to get from those around them. Naomi, it is evident, was no common woman; and much that is lovely in Ruth no doubt was drawn from her example and precept. Separated from all she had early known and loved, a homesick yearning takes possession of the now childless widow, and after ten years of absence she turns her feet northward again, over the same way she had come. Her heart was sad with its memories. She was leaving the bones of her dearest in the land of the stranger, and she was going to the home that would be desolate now without them.

Together the three set out in the way,—they, apparently, with the purpose of attending her a little on her journey, and she with the thought that the parting with them was but a little delayed. They went silent and sad, till at length Naomi, turning to them, bid each return to her mother, praying the Lord that he would deal kindly with them, as they had dealt with her, and with the dead, and with a truly noble and unselfish spirit wishing, as she kissed them, that each might find rest in the house of her husband. Overcome with their emotions, the two young women lifted up their voice and wept, and declared that they would return with her to her people. Touched with their devotion, Naomi lays before them the reasons, strong in those primitive days, why they should go back, and Orpah, weeping and embracing her, turns slowly away to her gods and her people. And now

the story becomes inexpressibly tender and beautiful. The two stand there by the way, watching the retreating steps of Orpah, while beyond are the mountains of Moab, the green fields of their home, and the cave where is buried their all. The mother rouses herself from her musing, untwines the arms her daughter had thrown round her, and, looking sadly into her sad eyes, bids her again go with her sister-in-law back to her gods and her people. But in that hour the gentle Ruth had formed her purpose. Pleadingly she returns that sorrowing look of her mother, and, again twining her arms about her, in low, sweet accents replies, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." And the record says, "When Naomi saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, she left off speaking unto her." And the hills of Moab faded away into the southern horizon, and these two, hand in hand, drew near to the old home in Bethlehem.

It was early spring, the time of the barley harvest. Naomi had been known and mourned, and no sooner is she seen again entering Bethlehem, than all the people gather about them, somewhat uncertain if this could be she who had gone from them long ago, now coming alone, without husband or son, with only a stranger, and in her aspect and manner the traces of sorrow. One of another they ask, and of her, "Is this Naomi?" Sadly she answers, "Call me not Naomi, *happiness*, but call me Mara, *bitterness*; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home empty. Why, then, call ye me Naomi?"

Settled in their old home, it becomes necessary to find some means of subsistence; and Ruth goes out with the young men and maidens to glean after the reapers, and by

chance enters the field of a prominent citizen, who was a kinsman of Elimelech. During the day, Boaz, the owner, goes into his fields to watch the progress of the harvest, to see that it is well with his crops and well with his servants. What a beautiful picture this is of primitive pastoral simplicity and faith. Shall we find anything like it in the civilized, Christian intercourse of master and servant to-day? Boaz enters his field, not as a lord and master, harshly to command, to complain, or to hurry, but as a friend. He greets his reapers, "The Lord be with you"; and they, as loving the man, reply, "The Lord bless thee"; and indeed he shows himself worthy of their blessing; an honored son of an honored lineage,—his grandfather, the first to respond to the demand made of Moses for gifts to the tabernacle; his father, the husband of Rahab, who hid the spies when the children of Israel entered Canaan; himself to be, with Ruth, the direct and not unworthy ancestor of David, the King, and Jesus, the Christ. Standing there and watching his workmen, he is struck with the appearance of Ruth, unlike the Jewish maidens around her in manner and look, and inquires of his overseer who she may be. When he knows that she is that "Moabitish" damsel that came back with Naomi, he turns to her himself, and with courtly kindness gives her the freedom of his fields, and bids her stay with his maidens till the harvest is over. Amazed at this mark of attention, she throws herself on her face, and begs to know how she, a stranger, has found such favor in his eyes. "It hath fully been showed me," he answered, "all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." To Ruth's modest expression of gratitude, he still further replies by bidding her draw near at meal-time and eat of the bread and dip her morsel into the vinegar with his own work-

men, and when she is thirsty, not to go and draw water for herself, as the other gleaners did, but to take of that already drawn by the men; and going away, charges his young men not to molest her, to let her come without question, through the harvest, and to drop for her handfuls among the sheaves.

Returning at evening, Naomi questions Ruth as to her success on this first day among strangers. When she shows her her store, and how it had happened, her mother blesses him who had been kind to her, and when Ruth had told her, "The man's name with whom I wrought to-day is Boaz," she breaks into a thanksgiving at the coincidence, — "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead"; and turning to Ruth she added, "The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen."

The work of the harvest was over, and Naomi, anxious for the permanent settlement of her daughter-in-law, acquaints her with that old law of Moses, which required that, when a man died childless, the next of kin should marry his widow. The story that follows may seem strange and indelicate, and to clash a little with the idea we otherwise form of Ruth, but it must be remembered how rude were all manners and customs in those days; how simple, unspoiled, and in many ways truthful the people. It was the law given of Moses, which Naomi taught and which Ruth followed. Boaz is absent from home, at the threshing-floor, — a level place of hard clay on high ground in some remote part of the fields. Here he was attending to the winnowing of his barley, — an operation performed in the edge of the evening, when a light breeze generally sprang up, just sufficient to separate the grain from the chaff, as it was tossed in the air and beaten as it fell with a stick. Washing and anointing herself as her mother had bade her, when the evening was come Ruth took her way to the threshing-floor, and when Boaz had finished his meal, and laid himself down on his sheep-skin at the end of the floor for the night, she quietly laid herself at his feet.

That was the place and the attitude which it was the custom for servants to assume when they had a favor to ask of their master. Waking in the night, Boaz perceives at once that he has some petition to hear, and, with that kindness which is so striking a trait in his character, he speaks that he may at once hear and decide and relieve. He is surprised to find that his petitioner is Ruth, and his reply to her hint as to his duty shows how deep the impression her conduct has made upon him: "Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter; for thou hast showed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followedst not young men, whether poor or rich. And now, my daughter, fear not. I will do to thee all that thou requirest; for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman. And now it is true that I am thy near kinsman; howbeit, there is a kinsman nearer than I. Tarry this night, and it shall be in the morning, that if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, well; but if he will not do the part of a kinsman to thee, then will I do the part of a kinsman to thee, as the Lord liveth." And Ruth laid herself down content, knowing she had found a friend, and perhaps dreaming of the great kindness of the great man to her, as she lay there with a great hope dawning in her heart; and before it was day, with six measures of barley which Boaz had given her, she hastened back to her mother.

Naomi was confident that Boaz would not rest till he had finished the thing he had promised. As the people went out at the gate, in the early day, he was there; and seeing the kinsman pass, he called him aside, and, taking ten men of the elders of the city, they sat down in the gateway together. This was the custom at that time, and long after. All business of a public nature and all administration of justice took place at the gates, at the hours when the people were passing to and fro between the fields and the city; the presence of witnesses answering the purpose of records, and insuring the fulfilment of the bargain or decree. In the presence of the ten, Boaz states the fact that Naomi, the widow of Elimelech,

is about to sell a parcel of land which it is this kinsman's duty to redeem. He expresses his willingness, but when he learns still further that he must marry "Ruth the Moabitess, the wife of the dead," he refused, lest it should injure his own inheritance, and, casting his shoe down before Boaz, in the presence of the elders, signified that he relinquished all claim to the land and to the woman. Then Boaz solemnly assumed all that was Elimelech's, all that was Mahlon's, all that was Chilion's, and declared that he took Ruth the Moabitess to be his wife; and all the elders and all the people rejoiced in the gate, and solemnly invoked the choicest blessings upon them. And Ruth, the tender and loving, received her reward, — a home in the land of the stranger and the heart of the people. She was taken to the home and the heart of her first benefactor, and when her child came to her, Naomi was there to nurse it, and the people, still sympathizing with her, called the boy "Obed," — the nourisher of her old age.

In among the accounts of wars and iniquities, this little pastoral episode comes, full of beauty, of truth, and of peace, as an angel might come amidst the contentions of men. Fitly it opens the eventful history of Bethlehem; sweetly it speaks of goodness and virtue, of true love and faith. It is the most exquisite gem in the world's literature. None other is like it. It is said that Dr. Johnson once read it before a club of literary men, who, after exhausting their eulogies upon it, demanded where he had found it! It had a charm for sated men of the world, and was a power with those who had exhausted the resources of ages and genius. It was the simple tale of a simple girl, who lived long ago in Bethlehem, a little town snuggling among the hills of Judæa, out of which was to come the Ruler who should rule Israel. Bethlehem is yet to see great changes and be witness to great things, — a little one reserved for special honors. But in all she will not find one whose name shall be so surely associated with the best affections of the human heart, as the Moabitish damsel, Ruth.

J. F. W. W.

CORRESPONDENCES.

MRS. WARE'S "THOUGHTS IN MY GARDEN."*

THERE are four theories of nature, and as we adopt one or another, our style of thinking on all subjects will be shaped and colored.

There is the theory, considerably prevalent in the modern Church, that God created all things out of nothing by his arbitrary fiat or word. There was a time when Nature was not, but God rose of a sudden and spoke it into being. "The work of creation," says the Assembly's Catechism, "is God's making all things of nothing by the word of his power in the space of six days, and all very good." Cogitated in this way, the universe exists outside of God, is governed by a power entirely foreign to it, and not immanent in it. God enters it only by traversing time and space according to his sovereign will. The Divine government, providence, and revelation, and the whole work of redemption, grace, and retribution, will be apprehended more or less under this notion of creation out of nothing, as the arbitrary fiat of the Divine will.

There is the theory of Pantheism, which never separates God from his works, but identifies him with the unconscious life that rolls through them. Its last logical formula is, that Nature is God, and its only worship is the dreamy apotheosis of its dumb and impersonal energies.

There is the theory of the Gnostic and the Manichæan, that Nature is not the creation of God, but of inferior and imperfect beings, and is therefore essentially evil. It originated in the East, but its doctrines infested the early Church, waked its fiercest controversies, and had a prodigious influence in the development of its theology. Read Mr. Norton's

* *Thoughts in my Garden.* By MARY G. WARE, Author of "Elements of Character." Boston: Crosby and Nichols, and Wm. Carter and Brother. 1863.

third volume of Evidences ; or, what is a good deal better, read Bauer's History of Gnosticism. The monasticism of the Greek and Roman churches grounded on the idea of the essential evil of matter ; celibacy and asceticism are the portentous shadows of Gnosticism, in its partial eclipse of Christianity. The death-struggle between Athanasianism and Arianism was a conflict between Christian and Gnostic ideas. The world said Arius was created by Christ, who was himself a creature *made out of nothing*. Therefore the material world does not image to us the perfections and glories of the Godhead, but the attributes of a dependent finite being. The Divine incarnation becomes an impossibility and an absurdity, and an eternal gulf lies between God and the universe.

Athanasius opposed to this dreary and disjointed system the formula, that the Son was not made, but *eternally begotten of the substance of the Father*. He did not originate this idea ; he found it in the Church already, and wielded it with destructive power against the Arian absurdity. The Logos is not a creature out of nothing, but a substance eternally begotten of the Father, from which he made the worlds, and in which he became human, and was clothed in our nature : this was the gospel of the Catholic fathers, and by it God was seen yielding himself to his universe, and revealing his glory in all his works as in a mirror. God is essentially in his Word, or Logos, and in this he creates all things visible and invisible, all grades of being, angelic, spiritual, human, animal, and Nature below the animal, spreading out her plane as the termination and basis of all. Thus God, though differenced from his universe, is immanent in it, and ever bringing it into unity with himself. This creation of Nature by the Logos of God, distinctly announced in St. John's proem, and elaborated by St. Paul, was the ground of the cosmogony of the early Church, and Clement and Origen have drawn it out at length as their theme of unfailing delight. The Logos is the Reason of the Father, — not as a mere attribute, but as

an essence, or *hypostasis*, of the Divine nature ; and as such is the ground-life or substance of all created things. It is the higher reason lying within all human reason ; it is the supreme wisdom working in all the forms of nature, the fundamental life whence all its excellence and beauty unfold and blossom.

This is the doctrine of Swedenborg ; but he has drawn it out with a scientific precision, and both with a comprehension and detail such as we do not find in Clement, Origen, or Athanasius. He insists upon the logical absurdity of the formula, that God created the universe out of nothing, and opposes to it the doctrine that he created all things out of himself, through his Wisdom or Logos. The divine life does not flow down through nature as an impersonal force ; there is a divine understanding that first receives it, stamps it with design, and determines it into all forms of beauty and beneficence ; — just as a wise and good man never acts from goodness as a blind instinct, but his goodness is moulded by his reason, and so appears in an orderly and beautiful life.

The divine life, however, does not flow down into nature *continuously*, but by what Swedenborg calls *discrete degrees*. While within the divine consciousness it is essentially divine, and so Christ the Logos is *ὁμοούσιος*, or consubstantial with the Father. But the divine energies flowing beyond the sphere of the divine self-consciousness cease to be divine substance, and become spiritual. Flowing still further, they cease to be spiritual, and become material, growing more inert as they recede from the divine centre of being. Thus the spiritual worlds were first formed from the divine Logos, but make a lower platform of existence ; then material worlds, forming a still lower one ; all created of the divine substance, but not themselves divine, because without the sphere of the divine self-consciousness. There are angels and spiritual beings clothed in angelic and spiritual forms, with a world about them, spreading abroad its scenery with all adaptations to their mode of life, — a world not shadowy, but real, — more

real than ours, because nearer in degree to the divine substance itself. And there are men clothed in material bodies with a material nature about them, adapted to their grosser wants, and reflecting, though more remotely, and on a lower plane, the spiritual world and the perfections of the Godhead. So, then, the creation is not a continuous *extension of God*, but his life flowing downward spreads out planes of being lower and lower. There is divine substance, spiritual substance, material substance, — each step downward being by discrete degrees, the lower not being of the same nature as the higher, but answering to it by fixed analogies.

Thus nature is created, not out of nothing, nor immediately out of God, but mediately through a spiritual world. But the spiritual world is both heavenly and infernal. Some receive the divine life purely, some corrupt and invert it; hence the heavenly and the infernal scenery. Hence Nature, which is created mediately through the spirit-world, is the image and ultimatum both of heavenly and infernal things.

Hence the "doctrine of correspondences," which the New Church applies to the interpretation of nature and revelation. Nature is not God, but is formed mediately out of him. So all things good and sweet and healthful in nature are the imprints and ultimations of heavenly realities. All things foul and noxious are the imprints and ultimations of infernal life, and show its qualities. Through Nature's gentle and beneficent wooings and gleamings we get openings into heaven, and thence farther upward into the divine glories of which heaven is the nearer type and image; and through Nature's foul and noxious things, the poisons she secretes, the snakes and vipers she produces, we get openings into hell, and into man, so far as he admits hell into himself.

While Swendenborg, however, affirms with great emphasis the doctrine of the Catholic fathers, that God created all things from his Logos, and nature mediately from a spiritual world, we must connect with this his doctrine of "influx," in order to get his whole thought. There is mediate influx

through the spiritual world into the natural, always creating nature and making its forms and appearances representatives of spiritual things. But this is not all. Into the *inmost* of all created beings and things there is the *immediate* influx of God. But this comes not into the consciousness of rational beings, since if so it would destroy their freedom, which God guards sacredly as the apple of an eye.

Thus God is immanent in all his works without being identified with them, and all natural things which he has made are living transparencies of spiritual; earth is the image of both heaven and hell, and heaven is the image of his Logos, or his divine humanity. The Bible is written in strict agreement with this economy. Its metaphorical style is not human rhetoric employed at random, but the employment of natural symbols by unerring divine inspiration, so as to set forth the eternal verities of the spirit-world and the Divine nature.

Mrs. Ware's "Thoughts in my Garden" is simply an outlook, or rather an inlook, through these natural transparencies into the kingdom of divine truth. To one who loves nature as the open book of God, what so abounding in beneficent types and heavenly suggestions as a garden? Its weeds and plants, its flowers and fruits, its opening buds and falling leaves, its insects that harm and kill, its bees winding their "small but mellow horn" in search for garden sweets, its birds, that sing to the sunrise, the cool crimson air of the morning bathing the temples and coming like God's fresh benediction upon the face of the earth,—these and a thousand other matters draw the spiritual mind from types to realities. Mrs. Ware does not make any attempt to amuse her readers merely; she writes with a serious purpose to do them good; to show them the nature of spiritual evil from its correspondences in natural evil, and from natural good and natural beauty to show them the openings inward and upward, and give them dissolving views of heavenly things. Her book is written with the same purpose as Harvey's Meditations,

a work quite popular a few years since. Those who have read it will recall particularly his "Meditations in a Flower-Garden." But Mrs. Ware's book is better both in style and in matter, as the analogies for the most part are not fanciful, but real, the style compact as well as clear and beautiful, without being florid.

The opening essay is entitled "The Dawning Day." The text and the lesson from it are thus finely stated and drawn : —

"In the warm summer mornings I love to stand in the midst of my garden and see the sun rise, bathing the landscape with a refulgence of beauty such as no other hour of his course ever bestows. What the rose-bud is to the rose, the early morning is to the rest of the day. There is a freshness and purity in the aspect of the landscape then, that resembles nothing else so much as an opening bud of the queen of flowers. There is a brilliant, crystalline clearness in the atmosphere, too, that gives a distinctness to the outlines of even distant objects, which is never produced by the glowing light of noon, nor the hazy gleam of the evening twilight. It is Nature's most genial hour, when her face glows with warmest welcome to her lovers, unobscured by any of those veils of earthly miasm, that are sure to dim the lustre of her beauty at a later hour.

"I think I am right in believing that there is a correspondence between this peculiar beauty of the early morning, and the commencement of the regenerate life. When the soul is first roused from its stupor of worldliness and self-love, a door seems suddenly to have opened, through which we look into the fair light of that city which has no need of the sun, and we feel as if we should never turn away from it to follow after the dim, earthly flame that has hitherto lighted our pathway. A vision of celestial beauty beckons us to go with it into the New Jerusalem, and we think we shall never tire, while our day of life lasts, of strewing palm-branches along the way, and singing psalms of joy and praise. This period is of short duration. The rising of the natural sun soon causes the vapors of the earth to ascend, and dim the transparency of the atmosphere, even in the fairest days; and so, in like manner, the spiritual sun shines in upon our souls, and, as it rises higher and higher, reveals to us more and more of the noxious evils that permeate every fibre of our being.

The warmer the sun shines, the more quickly the vapors rise, and the more distinctly the evils of our nature become revealed to us. It may be, that, as the day advances, we shall forget our own vision of the morning, and, blinded by the mists that wrap us round, succumb to evil, until we lose our faith, so that our noon shall be shrouded in darkness, and our sun go down in the blackness of despair. Such cannot be the result of a genuine conversion. If the light and warmth of the early dawn awoke a sincerely answering love in the soul, the memory of that first vision of the heavenly life will go with us through every moment of the day, kindling a faith that shall give us light, though thick clouds overshadow our path; giving us a rejoicing hope for brighter hours in store for us; and finally, burning with the steady flame of charity, shall keep the heart warm and the head clear in every trial and emergency life can bring."

These are pregnant hints and openings for the thought's upward pathway, without intending to exhaust the correspondences of the morning. They would fill a volume. Childhood and youth are the morning of life. This is not figure, but analogy. In our state of natural innocence and trust, our evils are quiescent; nature lies upon our minds in its unsoiled freshness and unfaded charms. As we advance towards noon, we "travel from the east." Our innocence is lost, our evils wake up, a glory has vanished from the earth.

"I have lost — O many a pleasure,
Many a hope, and many a power,
Studios health and merry leisure,
The first dew on the first flower."

But though the first natural innocence is lost, it may be more than regained through regeneration. Our hot and weary noon, with all our evils aglare in the consciousness, passes into a second state of innocence. Our evils have been resisted, and fade off into twilight and oblivion, and we are prepared for a new sunrise on the soul more clear and fragrant than the first. So we wait at tranquil evening for a new dawn:

"Till another open for me
 In God's Eden land unknown,
 With an angel at the doorway,
 White with gazing on the throne;

And a saint's voice in the palm-trees singing, — ALL IS LOST — and *won!*"

A complete cycle of spiritual experience is called a day, — ending in black midnight with the incorrigible and unrepenting; ending in mild evening with those who deny their evils, to be succeeded by a new and more glorious dawn.

Our first crude notion of heaven is that of a fixed, unchanging noontide from God. Swedenborg expunges this notion. Angels as well as men have their morning and evening, passing through cycles of change. When a new cycle commences, God is vivid in the consciousness, the selfhood is lost sight of, and the soul with all its scenery is bathed in morning sunshine. But the selfhood emerges again into the consciousness, the light grows dim, the evening comes on, the faculties fold in with heavenly rest like flower-leaves at night, only to open again, however, to a new dawn of God in the soul. So the angelic days are changes of state through which they rise from glory to glory.

Mrs. Ware's chapter on Birds is very charming and very instructive. The thoughts and imaginations always flying up out of the heart, are the birds of our spirit-realm. The reader has only to watch the fancies teeming within him, and winging their way out of him every moment, and to imagine these embodied in visible form, to know what spirit he is of, whether, if he saw his thoughts out of himself, their plumage would be white and fair, or whether the moral air about him is always winged with birds that are noxious and unclean.

"Walking lately along the border of the intervale that stretches away for two or three miles to the north of my garden, I observed a pair of red-winged blackbirds flying near me. I suppose I had approached their nest, from the manner in which they flew around me in rather a wide circle; but keeping sufficiently near to show that I was an object of suspicion to them. Sometimes their flight was

rapid, with a quick fluttering of the wings ; then they would close the wings entirely, and dart a considerable distance through the air, descending a little and looking more like a fish than a bird. When they were preparing to alight, they floated downward with a movement so graceful, and withal so gentle, that it could be compared to nothing but that of a wreath of smoke. They almost always chose some slender weed for their alighting place, which one would have supposed too feeble to sustain them, but which swayed so slightly under their weight that it seemed as if there were some secret sympathy between the plant and the bird, by which the one became strong to bear, while the other became light to be borne.

"The way in which the crimson feathers of the outer side of the wing came into view, and then disappeared, as the birds circled round me, was very beautiful. Sometimes only the jetty black of the under parts of their little forms could be seen. Then a sudden turn in their flight would bring the crimson feathers flashing in the sun, and make them gaudy as butterflies.

"While I stood watching them, a crow came in sight, and sailed heavily over the meadow, pursued by a little bird who, having mounted into a higher region of the air, and being much quicker in its movements than the crow, was able to torment him by darting down and striking his back with its bill, in a way that evidently tormented the great, clumsy bird ; but from which he seemed quite unable to escape.

"The grace and elegance of the blackbirds, the ponderous weight of the crow, and the agile combativeness of the little bird, thus brought into direct contrast, offered an interesting illustration of some of the doctrines of correspondences, as they have been given us through Swedenborg.

"All winged animals correspond to thoughts, true or false, wise or foolish, pacific or combative, pure or unclean.

"Endlessly varied as are the tribes of insects and of birds, even so varied are the thoughts that throng the brain of man. The old Greeks, when they called man a microcosm or little universe, comparing him with the macrocosm or great universe, uttered a literal and precise truth. It is probable that this truth was handed down orally from the most ancient church that dwelt in Eden, and the wise Greeks could see, in a general way, that it was a truth. In the light of the New Church we are enabled to perceive this truth

with a particularity to which the Greeks could not have attained, and which fills the natural sciences with a life and interest hitherto unknown.

"There are discords as well as harmonies in the universe; things noxious as well as beneficent; fearful as well as lovely. These, too, exist from the power of God, but by his permission, not by his approval. In them are mirrored the traits of man's soul, distorted by love of self and love of the world. Passions like wild beasts, that hide themselves from the light of day in dens of falsehood, to prowl secretly in darkness and destroy the neighbor. Lusts that crawl like reptiles upon the earth, defiling it with their touch. Thoughts that soar with strong wing, as if to scale the heavens, but in reality only the better to scan the earth for living prey, or, baser yet, for carrion. Fantasies soaring in clouds like locusts, obscuring the light of the heavenly sun, and then falling upon every green thing that sun vivifies, leaving nothing in their track but desolation and famine."

That all truth and all error are seed grain, and that the human mind is a field in which it takes root to spring up and bear fruit and become a place of weeds and briars, or else a blooming and fertile garden, is a correspondence that falls to the common apprehension of men, and which our Saviour has drawn out at length in the parables of the sower and of the tares of the field. Mrs. Ware's chapter on "The Sowing of Seed" is very finely elaborated, and the analogies which are drawn forth are not only lessons of caution, but lessons of rare encouragement to parents and teachers, whose patience is severely tried in sowing seed and looking in vain to see it germinate.

"Seeds have many ways of springing. Some of them come up almost immediately, and in a few weeks are covered with bloom. Others come up, but remain of little worth during the first year of their life, blooming only the second. Others again require long terms of years to bring the time of the blossom and the fruit; and it is the plants of the greatest value that, for the most part, require the longest time to arrive at perfection. In one point they all agree. Before there is any growth upward into the light and air, there is always a growth downward in darkness and secrecy. The delicate

rootlets must first clasp the earth, and be prepared to draw nourishment from it, before the tender blade begins to grow. All this corresponds precisely with the growth of the principles of truth in the human mind; and all this should teach us to sow patiently, and wait the Lord's good time for the springing of the seed and the whitening of the harvest. Our touch is too rude to permit our opening the ground with safety; and we must content ourselves with letting the seed go through the first stages of growth in the secret places of the soul, that can be penetrated only by the eye of Omniscience.

"In like manner, we must be patient with ourselves. We understand little, if anything, more of the growth of truth inward in our own souls than in the souls of our neighbors; but this inward growth must, nevertheless, take place before there can be any outward sign. We cannot tell whence or how the Holy Spirit breathes the breath of life into the soul. There are times when we feel as if we were making no progress. Our minds seem so dead that nothing can grow there, just as the earth lies in our gardens when long, cold rains come after seed-sowing. We must wait and watch, sustained by faith that the sun is behind the clouds, and will after a while prevail over them.

"Probably every person who has reached mature life has experienced the sudden and unexpected quickening of truth that had long lain inert in the mind, and almost forgotten. The being placed in new circumstances, bringing out new wants or capacities in the mind, or setting in motion new trains of thought, will often recall some text of Scripture, or some wise saying of man, which we long since heard or read without giving any special heed to it, but which now rises in the memory and suddenly expands into a growth of beauty and of power that fills us with surprise and delight.

"In the tribulations and bereavements of life, when the heart is bowed down and bruised and torn in every fibre, so that it seems impossible its wounds can ever heal, after days and weeks, perhaps months of despair, all at once, we know not how or why, some phrase of consolation will rise in the memory like a strain of soft music, and subdue us into listening silence, as the stormy waves sunk into quietness at the 'Peace! Be still!' of the Lord. We had, perhaps, known the words from our childhood, but they had never been of any personal interest to us before. We had not thought of them, it may

be, for years. Now they come to us with a tender pleading that cannot be resisted, and suggest new trains of thought, and open new sources of emotion, and there is a great calm in the tempest wherein we had been struggling so long. We are lost in wonder at what manner of power this is that has suddenly taken possession of us and subdued us to His own paternal will, till our anguish and our want of submission are lost in the enfolding arms of Eternal Love. The little seed, so small we had never before given it a thought, has grown into a great tree, overshadowing our whole being.

"Some years since I planted a handful of the red seed-vessels of the sweet-brier, without being aware how slowly they germinate. I looked for them all through the summer in vain, and supposed they had perished in the ground. The next season the earth was dug up without any regard to them, and other flowers were planted over them that grew and blossomed more readily, but no sign came from the briers. The third year I was carelessly weeding the spot, not supposing anything of worth was there, when I perceived the peculiar odor of sweet-brier. I was puzzled for a moment whence it could come, as there were no plants of it in the garden that I knew of. Then I remembered that here was the spot where I had so long since planted the seeds, and on carefully separating the weeds I found ten little briers, which, though scarce an inch in height, filled the air all around them with delicious fragrance. They have grown and flourished since into tall and graceful plants, and as I look upon them they preach me this sermon."

The essays on "Squirrels," "About Seeds," on "Disappointments," "Drought," and "The Power of Circumstance," are specially good. All the essays are full of wise suggestion in the work of spiritual culture, and if the reader thinks when he begins that the comparisons are merely fanciful, he will be pretty sure before he ends to turn his eye inward and find some spiritual want revealed and confessed. The book will be itself a handful of precious seed-grain to those who will read it with a good purpose. Young readers need more works of this kind, rather than those of mere precept or dry abstraction or endless story-telling. Our Saviour taught chiefly by parables, and the time will come, we are persuaded, when

spiritual things will be mirrored so clearly in things natural, that the material world, instead of hanging darkly between us and heaven, will abound everywhere with windows through which the believing mind will see the glories of immortality, and gaze on the adorable perfections of God.

S.

 ASPIRATION.

O HOLY Truth, dwell in my inmost soul, —
 Pervade, illumine, and sanctify the whole;
 That, piercing through each veil, *His* searching eye
 No faintest shade of falsehood may descry.

O blessed Love, become my constant guest;
 Make thou thy home within my longing breast;
 Direct each word, each secret thought imbue,
 Bid each emotion to thyself be true.

So may that inner light, from day to day,
 O'er all my pathway shed its heavenly ray;
 Each selfish aim subdue, each wish refine,
 And make the joys of others doubly mine.

Thus, like my Saviour's, be my daily food —
 My spirit's life — the joy of doing good.
 Though small my wealth, my strength, my talent small,
 To holiest ends I'd fain devote them all.

More of that grace that highest stands in heaven,
 To sanctify my earthly life be given;
 So may this faltering, erring soul of mine
 Reflect some brightness from the Love Divine.

†

RANDOM READINGS.

NEW ENGLAND.

THE six New England States, which some politicians propose to leave out on a reconstruction of the Union, contain a population of 3,118,000,—about the same that the old thirteen comprised at the time of the Revolution. It has contributed largely to colonize the Western and Northwestern States, insomuch that all Northerners are called Yankees by the rebels and their English sympathizers. With a steady stream of emigration westward the New England States increase every year in population, the increase between the years 1850 and 1860 being 390,000.

There is a public debt to be paid by and by. It appears from the census and statistics of 1860, as we find them quoted by the Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, that Massachusetts alone returns *one seventeenth* part of the real estate of the loyal States, and *one eighth* part of the whole personal estate. It appears, too, that the annual productive industry of Massachusetts is \$350,000,000; that is, her labor earns over a million dollars per day. Though only one eighth as large as Virginia, her fields and work-shops produce annually more in value than the whole cotton crop of the South. On the same authority it appears that Massachusetts produces one sixth of the aggregate manufactures of the Union, claims one sixth of the iron-works, two thirds of the fisheries, one sixth of the imports, one tenth of the exports, one third of the whole ocean tonnage, and four fifths of the whale-fisheries. The interests of science and education cannot be put into dollars and cents, though these also are to be "left out" in the reconstruction. If, however, New England is to be left out because she will not work in comfortably to a great slave republic, she will probably be comforted in the faith that she will be withdrawn by a guiding Providence from the awful doom involved in national sin. Such a reconstructed Union would have in it more elements of explosive ruin than any nation whose wrecks now lie scattered along the courses of time.

CAPACITY OF THE NEGRO.

WHAT will be done with the emancipated negroes, and who will take care of them, are questions which begin to be agitated. When they are really free, we shall see whether they can take care of themselves. That some of them can take care both of themselves and other people we have had abundant proof. We find the following incident cited in a speech made a few years ago by the Hon. Edward Everett, which bears upon this point. Mr. Everett remarked, that the slave here referred to "ought to live in marble and in brass," and so we do our part in perpetuating his memory.

"When the news of the discovery of gold reached us from California, a citizen of the upper part of Louisiana, from the parish of Rapides, for the sake of improving his not prosperous fortunes, started with his servant to get a share, if he could, of the golden harvest. They repaired to the gold regions. They labored together for a while with success. At length the strength of the master failed, and he fell dangerously sick. What, then, was the conduct of the slave in those far-off hills? In a State whose constitution did not recognize slavery, in that newly gathered and not very thoroughly organized state of society, what was his conduct? As his master lay sick with the typhus-fever, priest and Levite came, and looked upon him, and passed by on the other side. The poor slave stood by him, tended him, protected him; by night and by day his sole companion, nurse, and friend. At length the master died. What then was the conduct of the slave in those distant wastes, as he stood by him whom living he had served, but who was now laid low at his feet by the great Emancipator? He dug his decent grave in the golden sands. He brought together the earnings of their joint labor; these he deposited in a place of safety, as a sacred trust for his master's family. He then went to work under a Californian sun to earn the wherewithal to pay his passage home. That done, he went back to the banks of the Red River, in Louisiana, and laid down the little store at the feet of his master's widow.

"There is a moral treasure in that incident. It proves the capacity of the colored race to civilize Africa. There is a moral worth in it, beyond all the riches of California. If all her gold — all that she has yet yielded to the indomitable industry of the adventurer, and all that she locks from the cupidity of man, in the virgin chambers of her snow-clad sierras — were all molten into one vast ingot, it would not, in the sight of Heaven, buy the moral worth of that one incident."

"THE pupil dilates in the night, and at last finds day in it; even as the soul dilates in misfortune, and at last finds God in it." — VICTOR HUGO, *Jean Valjean*.

DRAMATIC PIETY.

"PIETY which springs from a heart at repose in God, which feels that it possesses all things in possessing him, — in short, Gospel or Christian piety, which consists in bestowing one's peace and contentment on all around, is of course the loveliest possible adornment of the human spirit. But the piety of an unreconciled heart, a piety which is ambitious to qualify itself for the Divine acceptance by becoming something it intrinsically is not, — in short, legal or Jewish piety, — is awfully deleterious. You know how offensive all popularly accredited saints are apt to become. The obvious reason is, that their piety is dramatic and interested, instead of being real and contented; that it is generated from ostentatious, instead of working ends; that it is, in short, its own end, and therefore inwardly destitute of the Divine love and benediction; and piety which is its own end, which is not worked off, which is not continually wrought into the sparkling and joyous woof of life, is sure, like unworked steam, to become gaseous and attenuated, and finally to explode in ways very destructive to social continuity and comfort." — HENRY JAMES.

SAINT ANTHONY AND THE COBBLER.

THE Congregationalist points an excellent moral from the following legend of Saint Anthony, who was thought to be the pattern of all sainthood. He and the cobbler illustrate the difference between "dramatic piety" and the piety "wrought into the sparkling and joyous woof of life." The legend of Anthony runs thus:—

"One day, as he sat by the side of his hole in the rocks, absorbed in meditation, a voice spoke to him out of the breeze that was blowing by, saying, 'Anthony! thou art not so perfect a man as the cobbler that is in Alexandria!' Amazed, Anthony took up his staff, and started on his journey, his long white beard blowing against his breast in the fresh breeze that swept off the Mediterranean, until he came, after many days, to Alexandria, and searched out the cobbler's stall, — a narrow place; a little, dried-up, meagre man; yet with something bright in his eye, and something sweet even in the wither of his cheeks. Amazed to see so venerable a form as that of Anthony, the poor cobbler bowed, and almost trembled before him. 'Tell me,' says Anthony, — 'tell me what you do, — how spend you your time?' 'Verily, sir,' replied the little man, 'I have no good works. I am a poor, humble, hard-working cobbler, with little time to think, and no time to go forth to any great thing. I am up at the dawn, I pray for the

city, my neighbors, my family, myself; I eat my scanty victuals, and then I sit me down to my hard labor all the day. And when the dusk shuts down, I eat the bit I have earned, and thank God, and pray, and sleep. I keep me ever, by God's help, from all falseness, and if I make any man a promise, I try to perform it honestly. And so I live, trusting in Him, and trudging along the narrow path before me day by day, never fearing that, if I walk in it honestly, it will not bring me out, at the last, into the everlasting light.'

"Then turned away the long-bearded saint, and the voice in the breeze sighed, 'Ah me, that one life should be so humbly full, and another so proudly empty!'"

"BUT so have I seen a fair structure begun with art and care, and raised to half its stature, and then it stood still, by the misfortune or negligence of the owner; and the rain descended and dwelt in its joints, and supplanted the contexture of his pillars; and having stood awhile like the antiquated temple of a deceased oracle, it fell into a hasty age, and sunk upon its own knees, and so descended into ruin. So is the imperfect, unfinished spirit of a man; it lays the foundation of a holy resolution, and strengthens it with vows and arts of prosecution; it raises up the walls, sacraments and prayers, reading and holy ordinances; and holy actions begin with a slow motion, and the building stays, and the spirit is weary, and the soul is naked and exposed to temptation, and in the days of storm takes in everything that can do it mischief; and it is faint and sick, listless and tired, and it stands till its own weight wearies the foundation, and then declines to death and sad disorder, being so much the worse because it hath not only returned to its first follies, but hath superadded unthankfulness and carelessness, a positive neglect and a despite of holy things, a setting a low price to the things of God, laziness and wretchedness, —all which are evils superadded to the first state of coldness, whither he is, with all these loads and circumstances of death, easily resolved."

"HE that says he will take care he be no worse, and that he desires to be no better, stops his journey into heaven, but cannot be secure against his descending into hell."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Talk with my Pupils. By MRS. CHARLES SEDGWICK. Published and sold for the Author, by John Hoppin, New York. — This little volume, dedicated by one of our most widely known and successful teachers to another whose life has also been given to the calling, will be greeted with especial pleasure by the pupils to whom it is addressed.

To them its practical suggestions and affectionate and sensible advice will come laden with memories of a past to which many of them owe so much. Familiar thoughts and expressions will recall the kind and friendly tones which have given aid before, and a personal association will enhance its value.

But though written for "my pupils," it should not be confined to them. We recommend it to parents to put in the hands of their children, to teachers for *their* pupils, and to all thoughtful young women who wish aid in forming their own characters, and advice in shaping their course in life. Indeed, people of all ages will find timely suggestions for the daily duties of life, and matter for more thoughtful consideration. It is pre-eminently a wise book, — wise and simple. It bears throughout the impress of that outward and inward truth, — real truth of character, which the writer so continually and earnestly inculcates. The chapters on "The Love of Nature," "Days of Mourning," and "Moral Courage" will especially repay perusal.

Ten Chapters on Marriage, its Nature, Uses, Duties, and Final Issues. By WILLIAM B. HAYDEN, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church. Boston: William Carter and Brother. — We read this book with the same delight that we do everything which comes from this writer's pen. We give the titles of the ten chapters, assuring the reader that they are worthily treated: The Dual Creation, The Implanted Law, The Betrothal, The Uses of Marriage, Means of Union, Mutual Duties, What of the Future Life? The Conjugal Relation in the Life after Death, The Two Ways, or the Called and the Chosen, The Vision of Beatified Ones. s.

The Parting Spirit's Address to his Mother. By WILLIAM EDWARD WYATT, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Parish, Baltimore. Illustrated edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1862. — A beautiful exterior, and worthy of better contents.

The Congressional Globe, containing the proceedings of the first session of the Thirty-Seventh Congress; the *Report of the Smithsonian Institute for 1861*, and the *Art of War in Europe in 1854-55*.—Exceedingly valuable documents, for which Hon. Henry Wilson has our thanks.

The Rector's Vade-Mecum: a Manual for Pastoral Use, compiled chiefly from the Book of Common Prayer. By a Presbyterian of the Diocese of Massachusetts. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1862. — An exceedingly attractive and useful little book, which many who do not walk in the "Presbyter's" way will find often in their hands, and be glad to take with them in their parochial walks, especially to homes of bereavement and sickness. We wish to say, in this connection, that the packages of hymns issued by the same firm are made up of a very choice selection of sacred poetry, and will be found to contain the very words which the pastor would often leave in the hands of a friend upon whom the burden of our days is pressing heavily.

E.

The Sunday-School Prayer-Book. By J. TREADWELL WALDEN, Rector of Christ Church, Norwich, Conn. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1862. — A charming little volume, both inwardly and outwardly.

E.

PAMPHLETS.

The Fear of God. A Sermon preached in Unity Church, Chicago, on Sunday morning, Nov. 9, 1862. By Robert Collyer, Pastor to the Church. Published by some who heard it.

Proceedings at the Inauguration of Liberia College, at Monrovia, Jan. 23, 1862. Published by order of the Legislature of the Republic of Liberia.

Report of a Meeting of the Massachusetts Soldiers' Relief Association, held in Washington, D. C., Dec. 8th, 1862. By the Committee of Arrangements.